

Not My Father

by ETV733

Category: Walking Dead

Genre: Romance, Suspense

Language: English

Characters: Carl G., Negan, OC, Rick G.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-08 21:02:59

Updated: 2016-04-25 21:52:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:39:45

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 12,287

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Every person I knew was afraid of Negan, and I didn't blame them. He was extremely jovial and vicious at the same time. When it came to directing and manipulating others, he was outrageously skilled. When it came to me, he was calm and pleasant. But that's probably because I was his daughterâ€¦

## 1. Father

I stayed by myself in the far corner of the Sanctuary that Negan and his "Saviors" had intensely fortified. Being only eighteen, I wasn't allowed outside of the Sanctuary. Negan told me that if I went outside, the undead would catch me and "chew my fucking throat out," and, instead of helping me, he would sit there and watch. It sounded brutal and insensitive, but I knew he didn't mean it. After all, he \_was\_ my "father".

Before all the shit with the undead went down, I was a student in high school. I was pretty damn smart, too, but that was only because Negan forced me to study two to three hours a day after school. Sometimes, when he was feeling extra generous, he let me play pool or ping pong with him instead of making me study. That was back when I actually called him dad. Now, after seeing all of the evil things that he's done, I call him Negan. I don't like to call him my father anymore.

Right now, the leader and his Saviors, were off at the Hilltop Colony, probably torturing the residents there. Maybe I was wrong. Negan didn't tell me about the things they did over at the Hilltop Colony, and that was because he was "trying to protect me." In my opinion, that was bullshit. He just didn't want me to hear stories of him beating someone poor person to death.

Yes, that's right. Negan loved to beat people to death, specifically with a baseball bat that was covered in barbed wire. Her name was Lucille, and she was his prized possession. He would carry her around

with him everywhere. I swear, sometimes he loved that thing more than he loved me. When I was younger, he very rarely carried me around. He would just let me sit on the floor and eat dirt.

That's exactly what I was doing right now. Sitting on the floor, drawing pictures in the dust. And, no, I wasn't eating it; I got over that phase a long time ago. I used the tip of my pointer finger to draw a stick figure. When I finished, I drew a second one next to it; this one being a female. I stopped drawing and looked down at both of my stick figures. It was me and Negan together. Sighing, I started drawing with my finger again, adding a bat to the male stick figure's hand. Now it was me, Negan, and the lovely Lucille. Such a beautiful family.

I started drawing a new picture when I realized that someone was watching me. I looked up from the floor and noticed Vinny, my best friend, staring down at me. Our eyes met and he smiled down at me.

"Kendall," he sat down next to me, "what're you drawing."

I quickly ran my hand across the floor, destroying my drawings. "It's nothing," I answered. "Just doodles."

"Just doodles?" he parroted. His eyes traveled to the floor where my drawings were then back up to me. "If they were just doodles, then why did you erase them before I could see?"

I just shook my head. He just smiled and stood back up to his full five foot six height. Yeah, Vinny was pretty small, but he was still taller than me by six inches. He wasn't that bad looking of a guy, either. He was Italian, so his skin was naturally tanned and his eyes were dark brown. His dark hair was kept short and his face was covered in light stubble. Would I have dated him? If Negan wasn't my father, I probably would. But since he was, none of the Savivors were allowed to date me or even look at me the wrong way. If they did, they'd have a short date with Lucille and that would be the end of it.

Looking up at him, our eyes met once again. Instead of saying anything else about my mysterious doodles, he asked, "You wanna go for a walk?"

I shrugged. "Eh, why the hell not?" I reached up towards him and he grabbed my hand, pulling me up from the ground. "Where're we walking to?" I asked.

He didn't answer my question. Instead, he held onto my hand and guided me down the hall, towards the front of the building. It was abnormal for me to be near the front of the building. Negan would never allow it since the exit was there. But he wasn't here now, meaning I could do whatever I felt like.

When we reached the front of the building, Vinny looked around. "We're good," he whispered, heading towards the exit.

My eyes widened. "What're you doing?!"

Vinny stepped towards me and put his hand over my mouth. "Kendall, don't yell," he demanded. "You wanna get caught?" I shook my head and

he removed his hand. "Okay, then. Be quiet."

Before we could even reach for the exit, the sound of the transport truck alerted both of us. Without saying a word to Vinny, I ran back to my corner as fast as I could, him trailing behind me. When I reached my area, I glanced back at him and shook my head.

"You don't want to be seen with me!" I told him. "Go, before Negan comes in here and finds you over here."

Vinny looked around, unsure of where to go. I gave him a small push and he headed off down the hall, probably to another place he wasn't supposed to be. If I yelled to him, one of the Savivors would surely hear and tell Negan that I was communicating with Vinny. I just sat down in my spot and waited for the Savivors to enter the building.

I cringed once the door opened and the truck drove in. Each of the Savivors jumped out, holding onto their weapons.

"Guess who's back, motherfuckers!?" I could hear Negan's voice boom out from across the Sanctuary. His boot clad feet stomped down the hall towards me and I looked down at the floor, pretending to draw something. "There's my girl," he said with a large grin. As always, he was holding onto Lucille. "What're you doing fucking around on the floor, Kendall? Get your ass up!"

I stood up slowly, somewhat afraid to face him. He was a lot taller compared to me. "Is there something you like me to do?" I asked.

He looked down at me and started to laugh, almost manically. "You act like you're afraid of your dear old daddy! Why don't you goâ€|? Oh, I don't fucking knowâ€| Go play with one of the kids your age."

I narrowed my eyes up at him. "What kids?"

"Be damned if I know. Why don't you go to the kitchen and make me something to eat, then?" He pointed down the hall to where the kitchen was located. "Better be something good, too. Or else."

\_Or else my ass, \_I thought, heading down the hallway. He wouldn't lay a hand on me, even if I threw Lucille into an incinerator.

When I reached the kitchen, I got some supplies out and began making Negan a sandwich. I thought about how much I hated the Sanctuary as I put it together, and I made myself a promise.

One of these days, I'm going to run away with Vinny and never come back again.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Leave me a review if you'd like! 3<strong>

## 2. Lucille

\*\*Wow! I didn't think this story was going to gain this many followers in one day, to be honest with y'all. I already had chapter 2 written, so I decided to post it for y'all today. Thank you for the follows, favorites, and reviews.\*\*

**\*\*With love, ETV733\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"God damn, this sandwich is fucking good! How the hell'd you learn to make a sandwich this good, Kendall? I know I didn't teach youâ€|" Negan said, shoving the remainder of the sandwich I made for him into his mouth.<p>

I grimaced at the very sight of him hogging it down. "It's just peanut butter and jelly," I murmured.

Negan looked at me and shrugged. "I don't give a fuck what it was; it was fucking delicious." He stepped forward and ran his hand through my dark hair. "That's my good girl, making her daddy a sandwich. Jesus, I wish there was two of you. One to make me food, and one to clean the guts off Lucille."

Oh my Godâ€| I wanted to throw up after hearing that. If there were two of me, I'd shoot the other one just so she wouldn't have to suffer.

I averted my eyes away from Negan, looking at Lucille. She was leaning up against the wall next to us, her wood stained with the blood of one of the innocents from the Hilltop Colony. For some reason, and I have no idea why, I could not stop staring at Lucille. It was disgusting, no doubt about that, but there was something so fascinating about it. I don't know if it was because it was used to kill so many people, or because it was created by the man who I used to call my father.

"You want to hold her?" Negan asked, snapping me out of my little daydreaming session.

I looked over at him, blinking. "Iâ€|" I started to stutter, "No, that'sâ€|" "

But then Negan cut me off as he started laughing. "Come on!" he joyfully exclaimed. He ran over to where Lucille was and picked her up. He walked back over to me and offered me the bat. "Just hold it for a minute. Thirty fucking seconds would be enough for me to see. Come on, Kendall! You know you want to!"

I took a deep breath as I reached out for Lucille, my curiosity getting the best of me. Instead of me grabbing her myself, Negan shoved her into my hands. I grabbed hold of the handle and he let go.

"How does that feel, huh?" he asked, grinning. "Feels fucking fantastic, doesn't it?"

"It's alright," I said.

Honestly, holding Lucille felt more than alright. It was definitely different than holding a regular Louisville Slugger. I almost felt like I had a little bit of power. I wouldn't say that it felt super good, but it didn't feel bad either.

Negan reached out to take her back, but I recoiled. He looked down at

me and raised his eyebrows.

"C-can I just hold it a little longer?" I asked.

Negan burst out into laughter and he slapped his knee. "That's my fucking girl!" he shouted so loud, the Savivors on the bottom floor could probably hear him. "Maybe one day I'll make you one of your own. You could call itâ€¦ Luca! Yeah, that sounds right. It'll be the only man you'll ever need in your life. Well, besides me of course."

"Actually," I began, handing him Lucille back, "I was wondering if I could talk to you about somethingâ€¦"

"Oh?" He cocked an eyebrow at me. "And what would that be?"

I bit my bottom lip, unsure of how to start. "Wellâ€¦ I was just wondering if I could go outside of the Sanctuary. Not by myself, though. Maybe I could bring Vinny with me? He's one the youngest, andâ€¦"

"Abso-fucking-lutely not," he cut me off again.

"Please, \_Dad\_," I begged. "I haven't been outside in so long. A girl needs her exercise, you know."

As soon as he heard me say "dad," a large smile appeared on his face; not a bad one, either. I knew that would get him. "Why Vinny?" he asked, narrowing his eyes. "And he's \_not\_ young. The fucker's twenty-something."

"Twenty-four, to be exact. And he's one of the only guys I get along with here," I explained.

Negan's smile disappeared, and he gripped Lucille's handle so tightly, his knuckles turned white. "I'll have to think about that."

Back before the apocalypse started, "I'll have to think about that" usually meant no. Maybe things were different now that I was eighteen, but I wasn't going to get my hopes up just in case.

I mumbled something in response before heading towards the door when my father called out, "Kendall, wait!" He stepped towards me, bringing Lucille along with him. He looked down at me with his dark eyes and his pressed into a thin line. "You can go outside with Vinny." How did he come up with an answer that fast? "But if you don't come back, I'll find both of you, kill that little son of a bitch, and then drag you back to this place by your fucking hair. You got that?"

Wow. "Thanks, Neâ€¦" I mean, \_Dad\_. God, it was so painful to call him that. I reached forward, wrapping my arms around his torso, trying not to throw up while hugging him. He smelled like a mix of blood and death. He placed his hand on the back of my head and leaned down to kiss my forehead, which made me want to throw up even more.

"Don't mention it, kid," he said with a wink. "I fucking love ya."

I froze. He never told me that he loved me. Ever. My eyes found their way to the floor, and I managed to mumble something that sounded like "rurivu too." It sounded close enough, but he probably wasn't fooled.

Instead of lingering around with him, I rushed out of the room as quickly as I could. That was the only affection Negan and I had shown each other in a while, and I didn't want to do it ever again.

**\*\*[Not My Father]\*\***

Vinny had been laughing for about three minutes straight. Tears were welling up in the corners of his eyes and he was clearly out of breath. "You couldn't say I love you back! And you almost threw up when you hugged him!?" A single tear fell from his right eyes and he wiped it away. "That's fucking funny! No, it's hilarious!"

I crossed my arms, glaring over at him. "It's not that funny, Vinny."

"No. No, you're right," he said, calming down. "It's definitely not funny that you hate you hate your father so much, you almost throw up in his presence. You know, Kendall, you and a lot of people have that in common."

"But get this; he actually let me hold Lucille. I didn't even ask or anything. He just handed her over."

"You're joking."

I shook my head. "I'm really not."

Vinny looked back at me, puzzled. I knew exactly what he was thinking, too. There was this one guy a little while back—Mark or Mike or something along the lines of that. Anyway, the guy had the audacity to ask Negan if he could hold Lucille. For a minute, I actually thought Negan was going to hand her over to the man. But unfortunately for him, Negan decided to hit him across the face with her. I'll never forget the sound of Lucille's barbed wire tearing through the flesh on that man's face.

"So what did it feel like?" Vinny asked, beaming.

"It felt like I was holding a baby. A baby wrapped up in barbed wire and covered in guts." Jeez, that sounded a lot worse than I meant it to.

Vinny blinked. "Sounds kind of scary."

"It wasn't scary," I said, shaking my head. "He said he might make me one of my own, and, according to him, it's name is going to be Luca. Oh, he also said that it's going to be the only man I'll need in my entire lifetime, besides him."

"And besides me." Vinny cocked an eyebrow and nudged me with his elbow.

If only, I thought to myself. Just a decked out baseball bat, me, and Vinny. My life would be a whole lot better. \_

Two of the Savivors walked by us then. Negan didn't usually let people walk around the Sanctuary unless they were guards, but apparently these guys didn't get the memo. One of them looked had long hair and looked about forty and the other one was balding and looked like he could have been fifty or so.

"Man, I'm gettin' real sick of this shit," the long haired man said as he continued walking to where Vinny and I were standing. "I swear, I could run this fuckin' place with my hands tied behind my back and my eyes blindfolded. Negan doesn't know what the hell he's doin'."

In all of the years that we'd been at the Sanctuary, this was the first time I'd ever heard one of the Savivors bad mouthing Negan. I wasn't about defend my "father's" honor, either.

The other man shook his head. "You really shouldn't be complaining, Jay. Compared to the fuckers living outside, we've got it pretty fucking good."

"Hey, wait," the long haired manâ€"Jayâ€"said, stopping in his tracks. The other man stopped with him. "That's his daughter right there." He pointed at me and I turned away from them, keeping my eyes on Vinny.

"Whose daughter?"

"\_Negan's\_."

I could hear the two men walking closer towards Vinny and I. My heart began to pound and I glanced up into Vinny's eyes.

"It's gonna be okay," Vinny whispered to me.

"Hey!" Jay put his hand on my shoulder.

I immediately shrugged his hand off and turned around. Scowling, I said, "Don't touch me."

"Oh! Look at that Russell," he said with a large grin. "The girl doesn't wanna be touched." His eyes moved from me, over to Vinny. "And who the hell are you? Her boyfriend?"

Vinny stepped forward. He was a good five inches shorter than the man in front of him. "Maybe I am."

Jay put his hands up in the air and backed away, laughing. "Damn. That's too bad, because I'm pretty interested in her." He glanced over at me and grinned. His teeth were stained, probably from years of tobacco use and not brushing his teeth. "She's one of the youngest we've got. That's just how I like themâ€"| \_young\_."

"You're fucking sick," Vinny growled. His hands were balled up at his sides, and he looked about ready to put them to good use. "Why don't you get the hell out of here before you start trouble?"

"Yeah," Russell agreed, nodding his head. "Jay, we better leave. This is the boss's daughter, and I don't think we should beâ€" "

"Shut up!" Jay yelled at his colleague. "I'm gonna do whatever the

fuck I want, and nobody, and I mean \_nobody\_, is going to get in my fuckin' way. Come here, bitch," he demanded, grabbing my arm.

Russell shook his head frantically. "I'm fucking out of here, man!" He ran down the hall as quickly as possibly and didn't bother turning around. He clearly didn't want to die by the hands of Negan any time soon.

I tried to pull my arm away from him and yelled, "No!"

Vinny lunged forward and tried to pull me away, but it was no use. Jay was stronger than both of us combined. He looked around, trying to think of something to do. Then, without saying a word, he ran off. I was heartbroken. How could Vinny just run off like that when I needed help?

"Stop fuckin' strugglin', ya stupid bitch," Jay said, reaching his filthy hands up my shirt. "Yer only makin' this worse for yourself!"

Just as I thought I was screwed, the sounds of heavy stomping headed towards us. It was definitely more than one person because it sounded like a heard of elephants was coming towards us.

"What the \_fuck\_ is going on here!?"

With his hands still halfway up my shirt, Jay looked over to see Negan standing with Lucille in his hands, and Vinny standing next to him. "Oh fuck," Jay whispered, pulling his hands out from under my shirt. He backed away from me and stood in front of the wall. "Listen Negan, nothin' was goin' on here."

Negan stared him down. "Oh really? Because it didn't seem that way when I first walked up, you piece of fucking shit. You wanna know what it looked like to me? It looked like you were trying to cop a feel. Actually, no, it looked like you were trying to do a little bit more than that."

Jay stuck his hands in the air, clearly surrendering. "Nah, that ain't what happened. S-she was askin' for it. Ya see, she told me she wanted it, but now she's cryin' rape! It's her fault, Boss. I would never lie to ya."

"No," Negan shook his head. "No, of course you wouldn't." He walked forward, pushing me behind him. I thought that Jay was tall before, but compared to Negan, he was minuscule. It was almost like comparing a puppy to a full grown dog. "You wouldn't never do such a thing to a woman, especially one that's apart of my bloodline. I mean, that's the fucking rules, right? No sexual violence?"

Jay nodded along with everything Negan said. "That's right, Negan."

Negan placed his hand on the long haired man's shoulder and gave him a smile. "Good man. I forgive you for what you've done." He turned his head to the side for a second, almost as if he was thinking. Then he looked back at the man and whispered, "But you know who doesn't forgive you?" He pushed the man down to the floor. "Mother fucking Lucille, that's who!"



We watched as Negan slammed Lucille down into Jay's head, making a sickening crunching noise. As Negan lifted Lucille back up, blood came flying in mine and Vinny's direction, some of it landing on my shoes.

"Yeah!" Negan shouted, hitting the man again. "You're a real fucking strong man, huh?! This'll make you fucking think before you touch my fucking daughter again, you dumbâ€¦ son of aâ€¦ fuckingâ€¦ bitch." Each time he paused between words, he hit Jay over the head with Lucille as hard as he possibly could. Then, when he started to get tired, he stopped.

I was beyond terrified. Vinny was standing behind me, holding onto me tightly, unable to see the tears that were running down my face. I wasn't afraid of Negan or what he was doing. I was afraid of what was going to happen to me before he got there. If Vinny wouldn't have gotten Negan, I would have gotten raped by that scumbag, Jay. Just thinking about it made me cry even harder.

Negan turned around, his face and clothes covered in blood. "Oh fuck," he said, coming towards me. He grabbed my arm lightly and pulled me out of Vinny's arms and into his own. "It's okay, little girl. He's not gonna do anything to you again. See?" He pointed over to Jay's lifeless body. "I killed him. And if anyone else tries it, I'll fucking kill them too."

For once in my life, I actually felt safe with Negan. I wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, burying my face in his shoulder. I couldn't stop crying, no matter how hard I tried. Negan held me close and patted my back, which was another thing he used to rarely do when I was younger.

"You," Negan gestured to Vinny with his chin, "come the fuck over here."

"Yes, Negan," Vinny said, stepping forward.

"I owe you for this."

"Sir?" Vinny sounded confused.

"You saved my daughter," Negan said. "I owe you. From now on, when we leave, I want you to stay behind and watch my daughter. I'll give you a gun so you can keep those fuckwits away from her. Do your job right and you won't have to worry about going hungry every other day, too."

Vinny let out a small sigh. "Thank you, Negan."

"Don't mention it. Now, if you don't mind, I've got some things to take care of," he murmured. "Kendall, stay with him. Think of him as your new personal bodyguard. And if he tries anything, you'll get to watch Lucille in action again."

I let go of Negan and wiped the tears off my face. "Okayâ€¦"

Before heading back to his office, he leaned down and kissed the top of my head. I didn't feel sick when he did it this time. "I'll see you soon, sweetheart."

Once he took off, I wrapped my arms around Vinny and whispered, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," he replied.

Now I was just confused. I hated Negan, I really did, but I felt secure around him at the same time. I guess I just liked him. Even though he did that, I still wasn't going to stay. Whenever I could, I would run away from the Sanctuary with Vinny and find a new group of people. Hopefully people who weren't a bunch of psychopaths.

### 3. Us

I chewed on my thumbnail, staring down at the bloodstain on the ground from when Negan killed Jay. Whenever stuff like this happened, Negan usually had a man dispose of the body and then had a woman clean up the blood. This time the blood wasn't cleaned up. It had set into the concrete to the point where no one would be able to get it out, no matter how hard they scrubbed. I wondered if Negan forced them to let it dry up, keeping it there to remind people of what happens to them when they step out of line. Or maybe everyone was just too busy working in the kitchen to come out and clean it up.

"Kendall, are you alright?" I heard Vinny ask. He must have snuck up behind me when I was really focusing because I didn't even hear him walk up.

"Mmhm," I hummed, my eyes never leaving the spot on the ground in front of me.

Vinny let out a sigh and stepped in front of me. He was stepping on the bloodstain. Why was he stepping on the bloodstain?! "Kendall." He looked down at me and scrutinized me with his dark eyes. He set his hands on my shoulders and I looked up at him, snapping out of it.

"I-I'm sorry. W-what were you saying?" I stammered. I didn't know why, but I was beginning to feel slightly nervous.

"I asked you if you were alright. You've been standing in this spot, looking down at the ground, the same time every day for the past three days, and I'm getting worried." Vinny looked me straight in the eyes. "Are you even listening to what I'm saying?"

I nodded. "Of course I am. I just can't stop replaying what happened in my head. That guy— I can still feel his hands going up my shirt and touching my skin—" I shivered at the very thought.

Vinny wrapped his arms around my shoulders and pulled me into a tight hug. "It's okay," he whispered into my ear, causing me to shiver once again. "No one's going to touch you like that ever again. I don't care who they are, I'll break their fucking fingers off if they even think about doing it."

"Vinny, I want to run away," I murmured. "I hate this place, and I hate Negan even more."

"Are you serious? You can't run away by yourself" he replied quietly.

"I don't plan on going by myself" I pulled away from him a little just so I could lock eyes with him. "I want you to come with me. I want it to just be you and I."

Vinny just stood in silence, staring down at me. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, but I really wanted to know. Would he tell me that I'm crazy? Wait. Am I crazy? I had some protection here at the factory, and a personal bedroom with an actual bed so I wasn't stuck sleeping on the ground or anything. And then there was Negan. If anyone laid hands on me outside, Negan and Lucille wouldn't be there to help me out. It'd just be Vinny, and I wasn't sure if he was strong enough to handle men like the Savivors.

Vinny bit his bottom lip. He tucked a strand of my dark brown hair out of my face, tucking it behind my ear, and said, "Okay. I'll go with you, Kendall. I'll go anywhere you want me to go." A smile appeared on his face. "We could travel north, south, east, west. I don't care, as long as we get the hell away from here."

I couldn't help but smile now. "Oh my God, Vinny, I love you." I hugged him as tightly as I could, burying my face in his chest.

Then I realized what I said. I just told Vinny that I loved him. Well, shit.

I looked up at him. "I mean, I don't love you, love you. I just. I love you like a friend," I explained. It felt weird saying it like that, though.

He narrowed his eyes at me. "Are you sure?" Instead of letting me answer, he asked again. "Are you really sure about that, Kendall?"

What did he mean? Of course I was sure. I think. Vinny was my best friend, and he had been ever since Negan and the Savivors brought him to the factory a long time ago. Then his forehead touched mine and my thoughts started to change. Okay, maybe he wasn't just a friend. He wasn't exactly a boyfriend, either, though. He, being twenty-four, was too old for me. But then his lips touched mine and everything changed.

That was my first kiss. Well, it actually wasn't, but I didn't want to count the time a boy paid me a dollar to kiss him in the first grade. Negan told me that my first kiss was suppose to be "special." Then again, he also told me I wasn't allowed to kiss anyone until I was thirty. Before dead people walked the earth, I had friends who would tell me about the first time they ever kissed a boy. My friend McKenna told me her first kiss was actually pretty disgusting, but that was only because she chose to kiss a boy who smoked chain-smoked cigarettes and chewed tobacco because he was a self proclaimed redneck.

I had nothing to complain about, though. Vinny's lips were so soft against mine; it was almost like kissing air. But then, before I knew it, I could feel his tongue lightly brushing against my bottom lip, and I parted my lips slightly, letting him in. We kissed slowly at first, both of us slightly reluctant. Then things started to get a

little more passionate.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and stood up on the tips of my toes. I wanted this a lot, maybe even more than Vinny; I just never realized it before. My hands were busy tangling themselves in his hair, while his were beginning to move up my shirt. Normally, I would have said no to, only because I wouldn't want Negan to walk out and bust us. But Negan wasn't here, and most of his Savivors were gone with him. That meant I could do anything I wanted to.  
\_Anything\_.

Just as I was in the middle of thinking, Vinny lifted me off the ground. I wrapped my legs around him and he had me pushed up against the wall. Again, this is something I would have said no to. Not because of Negan, but because I didn't want my clothes to get covered in the dust that coated the factory walls; they were already dirty enough as it was. Damn. I sounded kind of vain. Must've gotten that from Negan.

Vinny's lips parted from mine and I began to pout. That was until he moved his head down and started to kiss my neck. He lingered in one spot, nibbling, licking, and kissing the tender flesh until my toes curled and I dug my nails into his back.

"Your room?" he asked, his lips against my ear.

I nodded. "My room."

We walked up the stairs, where both mine and Negan's rooms were. Mine was a lot smaller than his, but I didn't complain about that. Most of the Savivors were stuck sleeping on the floor, while him and I actually had beds. In front of my door stood two guards, holding on to large guns. They were the biggest men that Negan could find, and of course he assigned them to watch my bedroom at all times.

One of the men glanced down at Vinny, then over at me. "Where does he think he's going?" the man asked me, completely avoiding Vinny.

"He's my personal guard," I explained. "Negan told him to accompany me everywhere I go. You can ask him yourself when he gets back from wherever he is."

"Fine," the guard grunted, opening my door for us.

When we entered the room, and the guard closed the door, we resumed kissing. Vinny's arms were wrapped around me, crushing me against him. I slowly ran my hands up his arms and onto his shoulders, pulling on his shirt. He took the hint and broke our kiss to pull his shirt off. Once his shirt hit the floor, I stood in front of him, staring.

In the middle of his chest, there was a large, light pink scar. I couldn't take eyes off of it. Then Vinny placed his fingers under my chin and lifted my head up. My eyes met his and he smiled. "Open heart surgery," he said. "Had it when I was fifteen."

"Does it hurt?" I reached out and touched it lightly with the tips of my fingers.

Vinny shook his head. "Not a bit."

I leaned forward and lightly kissed the scar on his chest.  
"Good."

Vinny smiled at me and kissed me once again. His fingers found themselves at the hem of my shirt and began to slowly raise it up. I lifted my arms over my head, letting him take it off. "Wow," he whispered. "Is this too much?"

"No," I whispered back, shaking my head.

His fingers moved up my sides, onto my belly, then to my chest. He leaned forward, placing soft kisses on my chest before sliding his hands around my back to unhook my bra.

Then, before anything else could happen, a loud voice boomed up the stairs. "Negan's back, bitches!"

\_Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.\_

I frantically looked up at Vinny. "Put your shirt back on!"

He reached down for his shirt, picking mine up as well. "He's a fucking cock block," he muttered, putting his shirt back on.

"I know, I know," I said, pulling my shirt down. "Hurry up! We've gotta get out there before he freaks out."

Vinny nodded and headed for the door. He opened it up and the guards glared down at him. "See ya, fellas," he said, heading towards the top of the stairs.

I followed close behind him, heading down the stairs. Negan was standing at the bottom, Lucille resting on his shoulder. She was covered in fresh blood, meaning that someone, somewhere, wasn't alive anymore.

"Kendall!" Negan exclaimed. "Get your ass over here, kid."

I walked over to him and forced a smile. "Hi!"

Negan narrowed his eyes at me. "The fucks wrong with you? Why are you so nervous?"

"I'm not."

"Ain't fooling me, girl," he said, clicking his tongue. "You," he pointed at Vinny, "what the hell's wrong with her?"

Vinny looked over at me and shrugged. "Don't know. She's been acting like this all day, sir."

Negan huffed. "\_Women\_, am I right?" He looked back over at me and grinned. "You ready to go outside today?"

My eyes widened. "Wait, you were serious about that?"

"Of course I was," he replied. "You think I would lie to my only daughter?"

\_Holy shit. \_

For once in my entire life, Negan was letting me do something that I actually wanted to do. That didn't mean I loved him now, though, because I didn't. I \_never\_ would. I only tolerated him on a few occasions.

"So, are you just gonna stand there, or are we going outside?" Negan asked, looking at both Vinny and I.

I glanced up at him and blinked. "I thought you said it'd just be Vinny and I going."

"I did, but then I thought about itâ€¦ What if you leave and get stuck and get your pretty little face gnawed on by the dead?"

"Okayâ€¦"

Negan nodded at me. "Okay, then. It's settled. I'm going with you."

We all headed towards the front of the factory, where the exit was already opened up for us. Once we got there, the smell of rotting flesh hit me like a ton of bricks. Then I saw where the smell was coming from. Outside of the fence, a herd of the undead stood, each of them impaled. They were growling and groaning, waiting for something to walk by so that they could sink their teeth into it.

"You see that?" Negan asked, pointing to the undead. "That's what keeps people the fuck away from here. They know not to fuck with us once they see that. You know who came up with that idea?"

I raised an eyebrow. "You?"

"Exactamundo!" he replied, a large smile plastered on his face. "Isn't it fucking beautiful?"

"Uh-huh."

Negan glanced back at Vinny. "What do you think, Vincenzo?"

\_Vincenzo.\_ That was Vinny's real name. It was rare for people to call him by his real name.

Vinny nodded. "It'sâ€¦ great." He looked over at me and mouthed the words, "That's fucking disgusting."

"I know," I mouthed back.

"So," Negan spoke again. "Boy, have you been doing your job the right way?"

"Yes sir," Vinny replied. "I've been watching her closely. No one's done anything to harm her."

\_Vinny and I almost had sex. Is that apart of his job? \_I wanted to

ask just to piss Negan off, but I knew he would immediately go to town on Vinny's face with Lucille if I did.

"Is that right?" Negan trailed off, narrowing his eyes down at me. "What the fuck is that on your neck?" He raised a finger to my neck and poked me. "Is that a fucking hickey?"

I immediately flinched. "Ow!" I raised my hand and covered the spot that he poked, pretending to be in pain. "No. That's from Jay!"

Thank God, I was an excellent liar. Negan exhaled deeply. "Better fucking be. If I find out that you and some guy are secretly fucking behind my back, I'm going to beat someone's fucking skull into the ground."

As Negan continued leading us, Vinny and I glanced over at each other. We both knew what would happen if we got caught; Negan made it pretty apparent. I don't know about Vinny, but I wasn't afraid one bit.

#### 4. Tell him

\_Fuck, \_I thought, wanting to scream. \_Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

—

Negan stared up at me from his desk, which was across the room. "Eat your food, Kendall." He was unusually calm. I couldn't tell if it was a good thing or not. "Holly made that just for you, so you better eat it."

I stared down at the food on my plate. Holly—"one of the kitchen workers"—made me a sandwich with supplies that the Savivors took from the people at the Hilltop Colony. I picked the sandwich up and took a bite. It wasn't that good, but I really wasn't going to complain because, half the time, I went without lunch. I could have easily gone without lunch today, and that was because I was too nervous to eat.

After going on the walk outside with Negan and Vinny, my appetite had been messed up. I had a feeling that Negan knew how the hickey actually got on my neck. He probably didn't know exactly who did it, but if he had to choose a number one suspect, it would definitely be Vinny. There were other people who could have done it, though. Like Scout, the second youngest Savior.

Scout was only a year older than Vinny, and he liked to talk about me non-stop to the Savivors. He came to the Sanctuary a little while before Negan and the Savivors started raiding the Hilltop Colony. Compared to Vinny, Scout was a bastard. He was big, almost as big as Negan, and he liked to hover over the women in the kitchen while they cooked dinner, trying to make all of them as nervous as possible. I hated him.

"Hey!" Negan called to me from his desk. "Get over here."

I set my plate down and walked over to him. "What?" I sat down in the chair that was in front of his desk and placed my arms on his desk, leaning forward slightly

"I wanted to ask you something," he said, his dark eyes studying me. He then looked over at Lucille who was leaning against the wall. He couldn't go ten minutes without seeing her. "Kendall, are you afraid of me?"

His question caught me off guard.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Yes," he nodded. "Sometimes I just look at you and you have this look on your face. It's always the same look, too. I can tell that you're afraid just by your eyes. It's the same look that your mother used to get when we would fight."

My motherâ€¦ Negan rarely mentioned her. She left when I was barely a year old, and I really couldn't blame her. If I was old enough to walk on my own, I would have walked out the door with her and hopped into a taxi.

"I know that I can be intimidating when it comes to enforcing the rules around here, but I want you to know that everything I say is only for the Savivors and not for you." He looked away from Lucille and into my eyes. "I'm your father and you're my only child. We're family, which is something you don't see anymore. I love you, Kendall; more than you know."

Negan reached out and wrapped his hand around my wrist, covering up a scar that he "accidentally" inflicted when I was a child. "Okay," I replied. I wasn't going to tell him that I love him, because I really didn't. I don't know how many times I've made that apparent.

Clearly disappointed, Negan removed his hand from my wrist and lowered his head, hiding the unhappy expression on his face. "Alright," he said. "You can go now. I've got a lot of things to do. Thank you for sitting with me."

Leaving my sandwich behind, I exited his office and headed down the stairs where Vinny was waiting for me. Ever since the other day, he had been acting strangely towards me. Maybe he thought that almost having sex ruined our friendship. That would happen, with my luck. My only friend in the entire world would turn into just another Savior working for my father because things were too awkward between us.

"Hey," Vinny greeted, a small smile appearing on his face. "How'd your little date with Negan go?"

I shrugged. "It went fine, I guess. He's acting weird today, though."

"How so?"

"Well, he asked me if I was afraid of him, and then he started telling me about how much he loves me."

Vinny raised his eyebrows. He clearly thought it was weird, too. "That's not normal. Maybe he's going to have a breakdown soon."

I began to walk over to my corner of the factory and Vinny followed



me. "Maybe," I said, shrugging. "Or maybe he's just worried about losing me." I sat down on the ground.

Vinny sat down in front of me. "And has he?"

"You already know he has."

Vinny nodded. He then sighed and lowered his head. Something was wrong today. He never acted like this unless something was seriously bothering him. Usually he was happy, smiling and laughing, but today he was frowning and acting depressed.

"What's wrong?" I asked, scooting towards him. "Is something bothering you?"

He sighed. Again. He covered his face with his hands and said, "He's going to kill me, Kendall."

I blinked. "What? Vinny, why would you say something like that?"

"Because it's true. He's going to find out. He's going to find out, and he's going to murder me," he continued.

"What are you talking about? What is he going to find out?" I urged, extremely confused.

"That I'm fucking in love with you, Kendall!" he barked, removing his hands from his face. "I'm in love with you. There, I said it. Twice. I'm in love with a psychopath's daughter, and he's going to murder me when he finds out."

He wasn't wrong. If Negan found out, he would most definitely kill Vinny. The whole situation was fucked up. I couldn't be in a relationship with anyone, but Negan could be married to multiple women. Yeah, seems fucking fair.

"Fucking say something!" Vinny demanded, his face turning bright red.

I couldn't say anything. I just couldn't. Instead, I took his face in my hands and kissed him. Then I pulled my hands away and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, Vinny, but I had to do that."

Vinny looked back at me with wide eyes, shaking his head. "I'm not mad about that." He then stood up from the floor, making me feel ridiculously small. He offered me his hand and I accepted it. Pulling me to my feet, he took my hand in both of his. "Kendall— I'm going to be honest with you. When we run away from here and find a new place to live, I want to get married."

Now I was the one with wide eyes. "What—?"

"That's right," he confirmed with smile. "I want to marry you. I don't care that this world is crawling with dead people, I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I want to have children with you. I want to wake up every morning knowing that you're mine. I want you to live longer than me, because, honestly, I wouldn't be able to live without you. I fucking love you, Kendall."

"Holy shit, Vinnyâ€¦ You're serious?" I whispered. I didn't even need a response from him. He was serious. "I think, umâ€¦ I think I love you, too."

"\_Think?\_" His smile faded. "So you don't know?"

"No, no, no, no, no." I shook my head. "I love you. I have for a long time. It just took me a while to realize it."

Vinny smiled and took a step closer to me. "I really wanna kiss you."

"Well, what's stopping you?"

"Lucille."

I groaned and took a step back. "\_Fuck\_ Lucille."

"Yeah," Vinny nodded. "Fuck Lucille, right up until she bashes my brains in."

I leaned against the wall, suddenly feeling irritable. "And that's why I want to run awayâ€¦ I don't want to watch people get murdered with a baseball bat anymore. It gets old really fucking fast."

Vinny leaned against the wall next to me. He leaned over and kissed my cheek. "I remember when it used to be grossâ€¦" watching him kill those people with Lucille. Now it's almost an everyday thing, which is just fucking sadâ€¦ Do you remember when things were actually normal? Before everything started happening, I mean?"

"Things have never been normal for me, Vinny." I looked over at him and let out a sigh. I've been doing too much of that recently. "Negan's always been a little crazy. When he was a used car salesman, he would come home at the end of the day and start screaming if nobody bought a car from him. And I would just sit there, doing my homework, wishing I could be somewhere else."

"Did he abuse you?" he asked, looking down at me with serious eyes.

"\_Such a confusing question. \_"

I had to think about that for a second. Negan \_never\_ meant to abuse me. He cared too much about me to do that. At least I think he did. "The only time he ever did anything abusive is when he burnt me with a cigarette. He said it was an accident, and, if you ask him now, he'll still say it was. He was drunk, and the only thing he could get his hands on was me. He just grabbed my arm and burnt my wrist." I lifted my arm up and pointed to the scar. "Right there."

Vinny closed his eyes and exhaled sharply. "Why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"Because I don't like talking about it," I muttered.

He reached out, wrapping his hand around my wrist. He looked down at it and ran his fingers over the scar. "He never apologized, did he?"

I pulled my wrist away from him and put my arm behind my back. "It doesn't matter."

"You've got to be kidding, Kendall." Vinny shook his head at me in disbelief. "Of course it fucking matters. He did this to you, and he \_damn well\_ knows it wasn't an accident."

"Leave it \_alone\_, Vinny," I growled.

"I \_won't\_, " he countered.

"Vinny," I leaned in towards him, "I swear to God, if you confront Negan about this, I will never, and I mean \_never\_, speak to you again. Just drop it."

Vinny bit his lower lip and put his hands up, surrendering. "I'll drop it. I won't mention it ever again." He looked away from me. "I just don't like hearing stuff like that."

"I know."

"So you never answered my question," Vinny said, looking back at me.

Question? What question? "What're you talking about?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

"I asked you if you would marry me, and you didn't give me an answer," he replied, looking smug.

"Well, you actually didn't ask me to marry you," I corrected. "You just said you \_wanted\_ to get married. Those are two very different things."

Vinny snorted. "Alright, alright. I see how it is." He looked around the area before getting down on one knee in front of me. "Kendallâ€¦ I don't have a ring, but I'm sure I could find one somewhere. Anyway, When I met you, I was pretty sure I met my perfect match, and I knew it'd only be a matter of time until I fell in love with you. Now it's up to you, Kendall. Yes, or no?"

I bit my bottom lip. I was \_eighteen\_. If none of this happened, I'd probably still be in high school. And here I am now, getting proposed to by my best friend. "Vinny, I'm going to be honest with youâ€¦ When we leave the factory, anything could happen. In case it involves us dying, I want to leave this world knowing that I had somebody by my side the entire time."

"That's a yes?" he looked up at me, smiling.

"That's a yes," I affirmed.

Vinny shot up to his feet and hugged me. "Just wait until we're out of here, Kendall. Our lives are going to be so much better without Negan and everyone else dragging us down."

"I sure hope so, Vinny," I whispered.

For some reason, I had this weird feeling in my stomach. I wasn't sure if I was nervous about leaving the factory, or if I was nervous

about Negan finding us and killing us for leaving.

**\*\*[Not My Father]\*\***

Before dinnertime, I stopped by the kitchen to see Holly. She was working with another woman, whose name I couldn't remember, opening up cans and emptying their contents into bowls for the Savivors. While they worked, I sat on a stool and waited for them to be done.

Once they were finished, Holly wiped her hands on her pant legs and sighed, looking drained. "Hi there, Kendall." She took a seat on the stool next to me. "What brings you down here?"

"I need to talk to someone, other than Vinny and Negan." I shifted on my stool to face her. "I just need to make sure you're not going to tell anybody what I'm about to tell you."

Holly's eyes slightly widened before she nodded. "I'm not going to tell anybody anything, sweetheart. Did you do something you weren't supposed to?"

I looked down and played with a loose string on my shirt. "I guess you could say that." I paused for a second, trying to think of an easy way to tell her about what happened just a few hours prior. "Well, you know how Vinny and I are, like, really close, right?"

"I do," the older woman said with a nod. She had a certain look in her eyes that made me feel like she already knew what I was about to tell her.

I could feel my face get hot as Holly stared at me, waiting to hear what I had to say. "Well," I began, slightly afraid to continue. "Vinny asked me toâ€¦ Oh good lord, this is a lot harder than I thought it was going to beâ€¦ He asked me to marry him today."

Holly's head cocked to the side. "He did?" A large smile appeared on her face and she set her hand on my knee. "That's great, Kendall. Are you going to tellâ€¦"

"No!" I bellowed, nearly falling off of my stool. "If Negan finds out, he's going to kill Vinny. Please, Holly, keep this between you and I."

"Okay, okay," she replied. She removed her hand from my knee and placed it on my left hand. "Sweetheart, I just want you to know somethingâ€¦ Even if Negan were to kill Vinny, what would he be accomplishing? Nothing. You and Vinny obviously love each other. That's something that's going to go on forever, even after death. Do you see what I'm saying?"

"Yeah." Only I didn't. What she said didn't make any sense to me. How can someone love you when they're six feet under? They're dead! They can't do anything anymore!

Holly smiled sweetly and took her hand back. "I wouldn't be afraid of telling Negan, then. He's your father, honey. You should be able to tell him anything."

I was dumbfounded. Did she forget that Negan killed everyone who

touched me? Did she forget that his favorite hobby was beating people's skulls in with Lucille? She was either brainwashed or too afraid to say what was actually on her mind, which is how most of the kitchen workers were.

I was fucked in so many ways, I couldn't even count them all. Vinny and I were going to try and escape; Negan would end up hunting us down; Negan would kill Vinny; I would end up alone.

\_\*\*Fuck.\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I love you guys.<br>\*\*

## 5. Yours

I leaned against the headboard of my bed, stretching my arms above my head. It had been an entire week since Negan and I had last spoken. Every time I would encounter him, I'd quickly divert and he wouldn't even question it. It was like he had other, more important, things on his mind. But what?

I had spent most of my time with Vinny during the days while the Saviors were away, cuddling and kissing and all that lovey-dovey stuff that couples do. During the nighttime, I would hang out with Holly and the kitchen staff. Part of me felt like Holly was completely brainwashed by Negan. Whenever I would say something negative about him, she would retort with something like "You shouldn't talk about your father that way. He's the greatest man I know." All I could do was roll my eyes and snort. Honestly, how naïve could one person be?

Other than hanging out, I didn't do much, which was nothing out of the norm.

Now I was bored. It wasn't like the normal boredom, either. I was restless, moving my legs to and fro, while sighing the entire time. I couldn't handle it anymore.

I stood up from my bed and headed out of my room, ignoring the armed guards on the outside. I would have headed down the stairs to see Vinny, but something possessed me to turn the other way, towards Negan's office. I stepped in front of his door and stared up at the guards.

"What do you want?" one of them asked, breaking the silence. "Negan didn't ask to see you."

I grimaced. "Negan doesn't need to ask to see me. I'm his daughter."

"I don't care if you know how to end the damn apocalypse; I'm not letting you in there," he argued and then leaned down and whispered, "If I were you, I'd get the fuck out of here right now before trouble really starts."

Without taking my eyes off of him, I said, "And if I were you, I'd open that door before I scream Negan's name and tell him that you've

been a little too handsy with me. We wouldn't want that, now would we?"

The guard eyebrows knitted together. He leaned down once again, this time so close that I could feel his breath on my face. "Listen here, you little bitch. You are not going in there. Now get the fuck out of here, before I actually do get a little too handsy with you."

I stood there for a second, eyeing both of the guards. I turned my feet slightly, telling them that I was about to leave, but then something came over me. I opened my mouth and shouted as loud as I could. "DAD!"

The guard's hand quickly struck up from his side and slapped me across the face. He had slapped me so hard, I stumbled backward and fell onto the ground. At first, I just blinked, trying to get rid of the tears that began to form in the corner of my eyes. I had never been slapped across the face before, by a man, especially. My hand reached up and lightly touched the spot where the man had hit me. It hurt so bad, and it was undoubtedly going to leave a bruise.

I stood up quickly and waited for Negan's door to open up. I didn't want to face him, but I had to. I had to tell him what the guard did. When his door opened up, we were all faced with Negan's angry aspect.

"What the fuck is going on out here?!" Negan asked, moving his head from me to the guards. "You," he pointed at the guard, "why the fuck is she screaming bloody fucking murder out here?!"

The guard looked down at me and snorted. "She wanted to see you and I told her she couldn't."

"No." Negan shook his head and stepped forward, standing only inches away from the guard's face. "No, I think something else happened out here. And I think you're going to tell me what fucking happened right now before this turns into a shit show."

The guard stared back at Negan, his jaw clenching. "Negan, I swear on my mother's grave, I did not touch her."

"Now that's funny," Negan replied, cocking his head. "I didn't ask you if you touched her. I told you to tell me what happened out here. Now I'm beginning to think that you did touch her." He looked over at me and his eyes widened slightly. "What the fuck is this?"

Negan reached out and touched the spot where his guard hit me and I recoiled. "That hurts," I murmured.

He looked over at his guard and gritted his teeth. "What the fuck is up with all of you so called men laying your filthy fucking hands on my daughter?! Do you think it's okay to hit her like that? What, you think she's a fucking punching bag or something? You're not a fucking man, are you? I bet you don't even have any balls down there, eh, big guy?"

The guard backed away, clearly uncomfortable. "Neganâ€¦"

"Ah!" Negan stuck his hand up. "Why don't you pull your pants down and show us what you've got going on down there. Bet you a dollar

that you ain't got any balls. How much do you wanna bet, Frankie?" he asked the other guard.

Frankie shrugged. "Iâ€¦ I don't know, Negan."

"Alright, alrightâ€¦" Negan said. He turned his attention back to the guard who hit me and smiled. "You know what? I think I'll just see for myself."

The guard's face dropped. "\_What?\_"

Negan's smile grew wide, showing off his teeth. In a swift movement, he punched the guard in the groin, earning him a typical reaction. The guard's hands moved down to his groin and he bent over in pain. He let out a couple of loud groans and Negan laughed.

"Fuck my fucking fuck! Would you look at that! You do have something down there! That's pretty fucking surprising!" Negan shouted. He leaned down to the guard's level and whispered, "If you think that's all you're going to get, you are dead wrong, big guy."

I watched as my "father" retreated back into his office really quickly. I knew what he was getting in his office. The guards certainly did, too. It didn't take long for Negan to reappear, Lucille sitting on his shoulder, ready to beat someone to death.

Negan grabbed the guard by the arm, bringing him down to his knees. He didn't even bother resisting. He knew that he had messed up big time, and he was about to pay the price for it. He raised Lucille up, a smile plastered across his face, and brought her down on the guard's head. Lucille's barbed wire stuck in the guard's scalp, making that sickening noise as Negan pulled it out.

Surprisingly, the guard was still alive. He looked up at Negan and managed to choke out, "I-I'm s-s-sorryâ€¦"

Negan huffed. "Not gonna help ya, big guy." He brought his trusty bat back down into the man's skull until all of his movement stopped. He made a few gurgling noises and Negan grinned. "That sound never gets old."

I just stood there, staring down at the guard's dead body. I wasn't as disgusted this time. I leaned forward and spit on the corpse in front of me. "Fuck you," I hissed.

"Language, young lady," Negan said.

I looked up into his eyes and gave him a sweet smile. "Sorry."

He patted my head and smiled back at me. "That's okay. Did you enjoy watching that son of a bitch get fucked up?"

My eyes found their way to the dead body once again. I couldn't help but smile. Maybe that was a little sick, but the fucker deserved it. Nobody lays their hands on me. Nobody. "Yeah, it was awesome."

"Good!" he said. "Say, where the fuck is Vincenzo? He's supposed to

be watching you."

"I was in my room," I explained. "He's not allowed in there, isn't that right?"

Negan raised his eyebrows. "I never fucking said that. Least I don't think I didâ€¦ Anyway, I don't give a fuck if the kid stays in your room with you. But if I find out that he tries anything with you, he's fucking dead. I don't know how many times I have to fucking say that."

"I know."

Negan leaned down and kissed the top of my head. "I just love you, is all. You're not allowed to do anything like that until you're married, which isn't going to be anytime soon."

\_Well, fuck. \_

I bit my bottom lip and nodded. "Yeah, of course not. Marriage is something I'm definitely not ready for."

"You've got that right, kid," he said, winked, and headed back into his office.

\*\*[Not My Father] \*\*

I looked in the mirror, touching the black and blue bruise on my face. It was large, taking up half of my face. There were four individual, thick lines from where the guard's fingers hit. It was obvious that I had been hit by a man because the finger marks were big.

Just then, someone knocked on my door. I moved away from my mirror and headed towards my door, opening it once I got there. I smiled once I saw Vinny's face.

"Hey," he said softly. "Negan told me what happened."

"Yeahâ€¦ You can come in, if you want to." I opened the door wider, allowing him to enter my room.

Vinny entered my bedroom and sat down on the edge of my bed. "I should have been there," he muttered. He rested his elbows on his knees and put his face in his hands. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Vinny." I sat down next to him and wrapped my arm around him. "You can't always be there for me."

"But I want to be." He looked over at me, frowning. "I just hate seeing you get hurt. It's been happening too much lately."

Knowing he was right, that I've been getting hurt almost every time I was alone, I nodded. I rested my head on his shoulder and sighed. I honestly didn't know how I lasted this long at the factory without being severely beaten or raped by the Savivors.

Vinny moved his left hand to the back of my neck and placed his right on my waist. "Kendallâ€¦ I don't want you to die on me; it's too early for that."



"I'm not going to die, Vinny. I plan on living for a while, actually," I replied.

Vinny stared back at me with his dark Italian eyes. He narrowed them slightly and leaned in towards me, his lips only an inch away from mine. It took him a little while to say something. "That's good," he finally spoke up. "I plan on living for a while, too." He leaned in and his lips touched mine softly.

I brought my hand up to his face and stroked his stubble covered cheek, leaning into the kiss. It was slow and perfect, just like our first kiss was. Then it got to the point where we just couldn't hold back any longer. We were kissing each other like our lives depended on it.

Vinny's arms were wrapped around me, his hands moving up the back of my shirt. I would have told him to stop since Negan was in the building, but I was too busy interweaving my fingers in his dark hair. Then he took it a step further, pulling my shirt over my head and tossing it to the side of my bed. He removed his lips from mine and I frowned.

He looked at me with a burning desire for sex in his eyes and bit his bottom lip. "I want you, Kendall," he huskily whispered, "so fucking bad." He buried his face in the crook of my neck and began pressing kisses on the most sensitive part of my neck.

"V-Vinnyâ€¦| Vinny, I'm a virgin," I managed to say in between moans.

He looked up from my neck and gave me a comforting smile. "I'll be gentle."

"Okay," I whispered.

Now I was nervous. I just had my first kiss a week ago and now I was going to have sex for the first time. That was a really big step, but at least it was with Vinny.

I grabbed the hem of Vinny's shirt and lifted it up. He raised his arms above his head, allowing me to take it off completely. I tossed it to the ground, on top of mine, and scanned Vinny's upper body slowly. I had seen it before, but I didn't really have the chance to get a good look at him. I ran my fingers down the scar on his chest, down his torso, and I stopped at the top of his jeans.

"It's okay," he assured, giving me a single nod.

I nodded back and undid the button of his jeans. He stood up and let me pull them down to his ankles. He stepped out of them and kicked them away and then sat back down next to me. I slowly reached my hand into his boxers and lightly grasped his length, finding that he was already hard. I pulled my hand out and pulled his boxers past his knees, allowing him to kick them off himself.

I wrapped my hand around his hard cock again, stroking experimentally for a few minutes. "No more," he said, taking my hand away from him. "I don't want to cum before we even get started."

"Okay."

Vinny reached for the button on my jeans and undid them quickly, pulling them off of me. I rubbed my thighs together, trying to relieve the ache between my legs and he smiled. "Excited?" I didn't even have to answer. He slid his hand in between my legs, rubbing me over my underwear. "Oh yeah," he said, nodding and smiling. "You're definitely excited."

My face reddened and I gritted my teeth. "\_Shut up\_."

"Damnâ€¦ I like feisty Kendall," he replied, earning him an eye roll from me.

His gaze moved down to my chest. He reached around my back and unhooked my bra. I let the straps fall off my shoulders and pulled it off. Vinny's eyes widened slightly, and he reached up, placing his large hands on my breasts. I closed my eyes and bit my lip, trying to silence a moan.

A split-second later I was on my back with Vinny between my legs, his erection rubbing against my thigh. I blinked a few times, wondering if this was really happening. It was; of course it was. Vinny's captured my lips in a rough kiss, his hand traveling between my legs once again.

"Oh fuckâ€¦" I moaned as he ran his fingers against my center.

Vinny pulled my underwear down my thighs and past my knees, finally pulling them over my feet. He threw them onto the floor and crawled back up to me, kissing me once again. "Are you ready?" he asked, his lips still against mine.

"Mhm," I hummed.

He hooked his hands underneath my thighs and lifted my legs up, positioning himself in front of me. He looked in my eyes, asking for my permission. I gave him a nod and he slowly slid the first inch inside of me. I closed my eyes as he pushed at the slight resistance of my hymen. It didn't hurt as bad as I thought I would. It was actually no worse than period cramps. I opened my eyes and nodded, letting him know that he could go further. Vinny thrust his hips and pushed his way in even deeper.

That time it hurt a little more, but it wasn't unbearable. Vinny let out a low moan, gently squeezing my thighs as he slid in and out slowly. He leaned his head down next to mine and placed a kiss on my temple before thrusting in a little harder.

"Does this hurt?" he asked quietly, still moving his cock in and out of me.

I wrapped my legs around him and shook my head. "No."

He smiled and thrust firmly causing my back to arch. That felt better than the other ones. I let out a soft moan and wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him down towards me so I could kiss him.

"Fuck, Kendall," he groaned. "You're fucking \_killing\_ me."

Vinny picked up the pace and buried his face in my neck, sucking and licking at my skin. He was going so fast that it made me squirm. I scratched my nails down his back and shuddered at the feel of his breath against my neck. Then, all of a sudden, Vinny pushed inside of me as far as he could and then he stopped moving. I didn't know he had come until I felt his cum spill inside of me.

"Oh shit," Vinny muttered, looking at me with wide eyes. "We didn't useâ€|" he trailed off, his eyes wandering away from mine.

"It's fine," I breathed.

Vinny looked down at me. "I sure as hell hope so." He leaned down and bit my neck gently. "You're really mine now, Kendall."

I nodded. "I'm yours."

End  
file.